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descend; the curves of outline sag; and there is an apparent downward moving effect produced upon the mind by the whole contour of the object. I have seen an artist take a half-life-size profile of a girl about fifteen, and trace it, letting no line vary from the original to the distance of a sixteenth of an inch, yet crowding all the curves and lines to a little more upward motion; then, take another tracing within the same limits, but crowding all the curves into downward motion, or rather to less upward motion. He preserved likeness and expression, but changed the apparent age so that common people—that is, without ‘cultivated taste’—never failed to call the first, about ten years of age; the second, over thirty; though, when one was laid on the other—being clear paper, this test was applied—those who had drawn much could scarce define a difference of line. In this case no shading was used; had there been, it should have varied as the line did. The artist who does not know the ‘lines of motion’ is not fit to color photographs; for on the same photograph may be shown the ‘rising thought’ of the maiden in her first love, or the downward ‘humility’ of the nun in her self-abasement, yet the

colors and outlines scarcely changed, the difference is given mostly in the manipulation; a difference hardly to be discerned by the ‘educated eye,’ but plainly to be *felt* by common folks. By these same ‘lines of motion’ the architect gives to his building any desired expression or appearance, as in the old Gothic cathedrals the lines of the shafts, the moulding, and groining of the ceiling; in fact, all the lines visible on the interior, nine times out of ten have a strong upward motion, and the ‘lifted feeling’ on entering these places is proverbial, even to the aid of superstition, as being thought supernatural. The matter is simply and easily within the control of the architect who makes a building, room, or design, appear longer, or broader, or higher, than it really is, at pleasure, or *vice versa*, or he has not learned his trade!” The old seaman above spins his yarns without any end, and they tangle into every subject that comes near. The only way to stop them is by cutting; but he shows the manner of study whereby artists may easily improve their work, albeit he does not sell pictures; there are men who make a business of that; leave it to them.

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#### EXTRACTS FROM THOREAU'S "EXCURSIONS."

“October is the month for painted leaves. Their rich glow now flashes round the world. As fruits and leaves and the day itself acquire a bright tint just before they fall, so the year near its setting. October is its sunset sky; November the later twilight.

“I formerly thought it would be worth the while to get a specimen leaf from each changing tree, shrub, and herbaceous plant when it had acquired its brightest characteristic color, in its transition from the green to the brown state, outline it, and copy its color exactly, with paint in a book, which

should be entitled, ‘*October, or Autumnal Tints*,’—beginning with the earliest reddening,—woodbine and the lake of radical leaves, and coming down through the maples, hickories, and sumachs, and many beautifully freckled leaves less generally known, to the latest oaks and aspens. What a memento such a book would be! You would need only to turn over its leaves to take a ramble through the autumn woods whenever you pleased. Or if I could preserve the leaves themselves, unfaded, it would be better still.”

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"As I go across a meadow directly toward a low rising ground this bright afternoon, I see, some fifty rods off toward the sun, the top of a maple swamp just appearing over the sheeny russet edge of the hill, a stripe apparently twenty rods long, by ten feet deep, of the most intensely brilliant scarlet, orange, and yellow, equal to any flowers or fruits, or any tints ever painted.

\* \* \* \* One wonders that the tithing men and fathers of the town are not out to see what the trees mean by their high colors and exuberance of spirits, fearing that some mischief is brewing. I do not see what the Puritans did at this season, when the maples blaze out in scarlet. They certainly could not have worshipped in groves then. Perhaps that is what they built meeting-houses and fenced them round with horse-sheds for."

"Surely trees should be set in our streets, with a view to their October splendor; though I doubt whether this is ever considered by the 'Tree Society.' Do you not think it will make some odds to these children that they were brought up under the maples? Hundreds of eyes are steadily drinking in this color, and by these teachers even the truants are caught and educated the moment they step abroad. Indeed, neither the truant nor the studious are at present taught color in the schools. These are instead of the bright colors in apothecaries' shops and city windows.

\* \* \* Our paint-box is very imperfectly filled. Instead of, or beside, supplying such paint-boxes as we do, we might supply these natural colors to the young. Where else will they study color under greater advantages? What School of Design can vie with this? Think how much the eyes of painters of all kinds, and of manufacturers of cloth and paper, and paper-stainers, and countless others, are to be educated by these autumnal colors. The stationers' envel-

opes may be of very various tints, yet not so various as that of the leaves of a single tree. If you want a different shade or tint of a particular color, you have only to look farther within or without the tree or the wood. These leaves are not many dipped in one dye, as at the dye-house, but they are dyed in light of infinitely various degrees of strength, and left to set and dry there."

"I am again struck with their beauty, when, a month later, they thickly strew the ground in the woods, piled one upon another under my feet. They are then brown above, but purple beneath. With their narrow lobes and their bold deep scollops reaching almost to the middle, they suggest that the material must be cheap, or else there has been a lavish expense in their creation, as if so much had been cut out. Or else they seem to us the remnants of the stuff out of which leaves have been cut with a die. Indeed, when they lie thus one upon another, they remind me of a pile of scrap-tin.

Or bring one home, and study it closely at your leisure, by the fireside. It is a type, not from any Oxford font, not in the Basque nor the arrow-headed character, not found on the Rosetta stone, but destined to be copied in sculpture one day, if they ever get to whittling stone here. What a wild and pleasing outline, a combination of graceful curves and angles! The eye rests with equal delight on what is not leaf and on what is leaf,—on the broad, free, open sinuses, and on the long, sharp, bristle-pointed lobes. A simple oval outline would include it all, if you connected the points of the leaf; but how much richer is it than that, with its half-dozen deep scollops, in which the eye and thought of the beholder are embayed! If I were a drawing-master, I would set my pupils to copying these leaves, that they might learn to draw firmly and gracefully."